

Somewhere Else

To be anywhere other than here
 as the pubs close their doors for the night
 Not to feel sick with the cramping of fear
 as the hands of the clock going round
 destroy any feeling that things are now clear.
 A deep throbbing pulse in my head starts
 to pound.

How can it be laid at my door for so long?
 Is it honestly only my fault?
 Do I attract all this rage, all this hate?
 When what once was so right is now wrong?
 'Do something!' they say: 'You can't let him win'.

The food that I cook will end up on the floor
 Too hot or too cold or too boring
 The verbal abuse, the punches and more
 Kid's screams mix with mine through to morning.
 The calm at the dawn, he thinks makes amends
 The pity I read in the eyes of my friends
 Bruises I've hidden that no one believes,
 Dark glasses, thick makeup, extra long sleeves.

'Why don't you leave him? You've come to the end.'

I wish I could end it by walking away
 Pack my bags, grab the kids and just go.
 I know he would find me, I'd still have to pay
 As the nerves in my body scream 'No!'
 If I tried a bit harder, would that make it work?
 To return to the arms of a lover
 Or am I revisiting scenes of my past
 That echo the pain of my mother?

'Please God, let me be somewhere else'

B. Darracott
 Crow's Nest, Qld, 11/03.

What's Going On?

Men crying
 Men pleading
 Men hurting
 What's wrong?

Women assertive
 Women controlled
 Women in charge
 What's going on?

Signals ignored
 Feelings dismissed
 Connections lost
 What's wrong?

Needs out of sync
 Timing awry
 Her peace, his grief
 That's what's going on.

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